

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, : : KENTUCKY.

TOWNSFOLK TWIN.

In a vision that falls with the falling day,
I read the lanes and the paths of yore;
And the village green where I used to play,
And the village folk, I see once more.
Ah, ye are there by those purple bars—
My townsfolk twin, of those childhood hours!

The tall professor who hunted stars—
And the little woman who tended flowers.

He lived in a big house up on the hill,
A long way back from the village street;
And she in a cot with a crumpled pillow,
Set down in a tangle of meadow-sweet.

There were morning glories up to the eaves,
There were riotous roses down to the gate;

There were housekeeping robins among the leaves,
That called if the four o'clocks slept too late!

I met him at times on my schoolward route,
And shivered a bit at his frosty bow;

That he saw me at all I am much in doubt,
Or thought me a sheep or a woolly cow!

But was there a moment before the bell?
I stopped at the gate where the lilacs grew.

For a sprig of her southernwood to smell,
Or a crimson rose with a heart of dew!

Butterflies, bumblebees, birds and boys,
And shy little violets with a crumpled skirt;

Frolicked about her with revel and noise,
While she beamed on us all like a dear old saint.

O cool, white lilies! O starry phlox!
O portulaca and larkspur blue!

O bachelor's buttons and hollyhocks—
And pansies! How well I remember you!

I've heard he discovered some mislaid spheres,
Some stellar fugitives brought to bay;

And a comet due in a thousand years
In the latter part of the month of May!

I know she discovered a world of cheer
For sorrowing souls that her pathway crossed;

That her heart was a garden where all the year
Love's green plants flourished, untouched by frost!

You'll read his name in the text books writ,
With a learned treatise on solar spots.

For hers! Ah, the children remember it!
Fashioned and framed in forget-me-nots!

They say when I mention my native town—
"Why, that is the home of Professor J.!"

But I think of my friend in the frosty dawn,
Who planted roses to give away!

I remember he gave me some sage advice,
The morning I left for my home afar;

And the benefit of a smile precisely
As warm as the beams of the polar star!

But she! Ah! she broke with a tender hug
On my frantic wrestle with tears and winks.

And left on my lap for a railway rug,
An armful of fragrant, feathery pinks!

—Emma Herrick Weed, in Youth's Companion.

A Hand-Shake With Death

By P. Beaufoy.

ANY one can tell stories of won-

der and deliverances

so many, and one would

believe that the day of miracles still en-

dured, but I doubt greatly whether any

man ever came so close to the dread

shadow and escaped in so marvelous

and yet so simple a manner as did I

about ten years ago, when I was con-

nected with the secret service depart-

ment of Scotland Yard, and was looking

after the anarchists, who at that time

were causing the greatest anxiety by

their activity in the direction of violence

and crime. Of the escape in ques-

tion let the lines that follow speak.

The terrible explosion at Edinburgh

had just taken place, whereby many

persons had lost their lives and many

more been injured, and on all sides one

heard rumors of still more awful disas-

ters in store.

One afternoon, early in January, the

chief summoned me to his room, and

said: "Mr. Barrington, I understand

you expect to achieve a good stroke to-

night, if I am not mistaken."

I smiled as I made answer: "I have

every confidence of doing so. By as-

suming the character of an Irish-Amer-

ican anarchist, I have discovered some

very useful information. Above all, I

have unearthed a very hornets' nest in

Soho, kept by a Russian called

Markovski. By arresting the men

found in that club this evening, we

shall, in all probability, secure several

gentlemen who are wanted in connec-

tion with the Edinburgh trouble.

"I will tell you my arrangements for

this evening. There is to be a meeting

at the club of which I have spoken be-

tween eight and eight-thirty, and by

nine o'clock it is to be assumed that

every man will be in his place. I also

shall be there in my role as a partisan

of the league. Send a squad of men to

this address" (and here I handed him a

slip of paper bearing the information)

"at nine o'clock precisely, and let them

Hastily looking from man to man until

his gaze encountered mine, he pointed

at me and cried, vehemently:

"Seize that man who calls himself Ed-

ward Wither. Secure him, and gag

him at once. He is a spy—an accused

spy in the employ of the British govern-

ment."

I sprang up from my seat in order to

defend myself from the brutal arms

that closed round me, but the battle

was an unequal one. Two minutes

later, bound, gagged, and helpless, I

was pinioned to the wall, the cords be-

ing drawn so tightly round my chest

that I could scarce breathe.

The men slowly returned to their

seats, talking in excited whispers.

After a pause, Menskoff raised his hand

to proclaim silence, and said, in a deep,

ominous tone:

"Comrades, I owe you an explanation

of what has just occurred. Know then

that during my visit to Edinburgh I

have learned several things of vital im-

portance to the cause. The first is that

this man Wither is a dangerous spy,

and that his acquaintance with us has

been an official trick which in a few

minutes we shall repay heavily."

He paused, and then continued:

"The second thing I have discovered

is this: that at nine o'clock to-night

the house will be raided, and every man

of us present arrested."

A hoarse cry rose from the men, and I

could not repress a slight glance of

amazement. Menskoff understood my

expression, for he came towards me,

and striking me in the face said, wasp-

ishly:

"Aha, then, my good Mr. Wither,

you do not know, evidently, that we

also have our spies among the police

force even as you have yours among

ourselves. Our own informers are as

watchful and as clever as yours, and by

their agency has all this knowledge

come to me. What think you of it, my

friend; what think you of it, hey?"

He struck me again, very brutally.

The malignity of his glance and the

harsh, set faces of the other men showed

me only too plainly that I had small

mercy to expect now.

Slips of paper were handed round the

table, and each member was directed to

inscribe thereon what should be my

punishment. Then the slips were handed

to Menskoff, who glanced at them with

a gleam of satisfaction on his face.

"Edward Wither," he said, address-

ing me, after a pause, "the sentence

written by each member of this meet-

ing consists of one word, 'Death.' Make

ready; your time is short."

The anarchist went to the corner of

the room where he had deposited his

portmanteau. Hastily opening the

bag, he took from it a small bomb with

a clockwork apparatus attached, also a

tiny clock of common appearance.

Having deposited these on the table be-

side me, he addressed his comrades.

"My good brothers," he exclaimed,

talking in a quick, excited tone, "now

that you have pronounced the sentence

of death it is my duty to see that you

are all prepared to die."

Behold, then, this bomb. I obtained it at

our factory at Edinburgh, together with

the clockwork gear by which the time

of explosion can be regulated. With

this little bomb I shall blow my friend

to pieces, and it will be well now if you

bid him adieu and leave us together.

You will also do well to keep in hiding

until the present activity on the part of

our kind friends, the police, is some-

what abated."

Obedience to this man seemed inevit-

able. One by one, the whole crowd rose

and slowly left the house, each man

giving me a look of hatred as he went.

"You are admiring my little clock, are

you not?" he asked, grinning so wide-

ly that his black gums sickened my

sight. "Well, it may interest you to

know, good Mr. Wither, that you and

I are the only two persons in the world

who shall have had any use for it."

I bought it in Edinburgh only this

morning, little thinking that its career

would end so soon."

Then, tapping the timepiece gently,

he exclaimed: "Farewell, little clock.

Do thy work well and send this cur to

his reward. Mr. Wither, good-night.

I wish you a pleasant journey to the

new country you are about to visit.

Adieu!"

With an ironical bow he glided from

the room, shutting and locking the

door after him. When he had retired,

I shut my eyes and tried to think.

Escape was out of the question. I

could not move—my bonds were tied so

tightly that already cramped was seiz-

ing my limbs, and to utter a cry for help

was impossible. A dozen times I

curled my action in having instructed

the chief to send no men to the house

until nine p. m., for had they come ear-

lier all would have been well. But then,

how was I to have foreseen the horrible

events which the night was destined to

bring forth?

The clock pointed to 8:30, showing

that the whole dread scene through

which I had passed that evening had

consumed barely 25 minutes, though

naturally the space of time had seemed

like hours. Eight-thirty. . . . In 20

minutes more, the inexorable clock

ticking out the minutes so patiently

would have brought its minute hand

round to the fatal stroke, the bomb

would explode—and then. . . . A feel-

ing of nausea rose in my throat as the

hideous reality beat its horror into my

brain, and I strove with all my might to

shut out the black thoughts which over-

welmed me.

For the first ten minutes the agony of

waiting was softened somewhat by the

hope that something might happen to

save me. But when the ten minutes

had passed, my soul grew sick, and a

dull feeling of resignation took hold of

my being. My time had come; my

course was run; my hour was at hand.

Let me face death like a man, for, in

spite of my profession, I retained some

of the instincts of manhood, and I re-

solved to meet the end as quietly as

though a thousand eyes watched my

exit.

Fifteen minutes to nine. . . . The

minute hand seemed to linger a long

time, and a sudden hope raced through

my mind that prechance the clock

might stop. But a second later I saw

with a pang that my fancy had de-

ceived me. For the cruel hand moved on,

and now, O Heaven, another minute

was registered!

Thirteen minutes to nine! An icy

feeling shivered through my body, my

tongue clave to the roof of my mouth,

nausea seized me with a grip that

in the end I could not resist.

Behold, then, this bomb. I obtained it at

our factory at Edinburgh, together with

the clockwork gear by which the time

of explosion can be regulated. With

this little bomb I shall blow my friend

to pieces, and it will be well now if you

bid him adieu and leave us together.

You will also do well to keep in hiding

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what abated."

Obedience to this man seemed inevit-

able. One by one, the whole crowd rose

and slowly left the house, each man

giving me a look of hatred as he went.

I perfectly understood Menskoff's

design in resolving to destroy me by



A STUDY OF CASES.

Startling Facts Made Plain by Notes
Gathered by Missionaries Among
Chicago's Foreign Population.

These field notes were made by work-
ers in the Baptist missionary training
school, in a part of Chicago where Poles,
Russians, Bohemians and Syrians form
a large part of the population. Such
large aggregations of foreigners are
found in our most populous American
cities, and are constantly fed by fresh
arrivals from Europe. Educating these
centers is like making butter with a
stream of fresh cream flowing into the
churn, or like sweeping a floor over
which a stream of mud is crawling.

I here group the cases and make
general statements borne out by
facts.

1. Public school teachers find the after-
noon sessions marked by an increase
of stupidity and tardiness. Investiga-
tion proves this is largely due to beer
drinking at dinner (i. e., the noon meal)
or to going to the saloon to get beer
for parents.

2. The love of beer is encouraged in
children that they may be more will-
ing to go for it.

3. Wherever beer is commonly drunk,
tobacco and the cigarette abound, and
it is difficult to discriminate in the
results of these, and impossible to sup-
press one and allow the others.

4. Drunkenness among boys under 16
years of age is so common as to startle
the most phlegmatic citizen.

5. Many, indeed most of the cases of
dwarfed and stunted growth which we
see among the very poor are directly
traceable to doses of liquor given in in-
fancy or to "mistakes" made by a
drunken physician. One pitiable case
comes to mind—that of a young man 21
years old, but as helpless as a babe
of three months. Life was not taken,
but who will acquit that drunken doc-
tor of the charge of manslaughter? This
division of responsibility is a delicate
question, and confronts us every-



THE TERRIBLE SCENE AT NOON

TIME.

where. Take this case: A young man

came home intoxicated; his mother

STATE NEWS ITEMS.

THE CLAY COUNTY FEUD.

The Pilot Faction Will Take the Part of the Bakers—John Pilpot Chosen Leader of the Combined Forces.

LONDON, Ky., June 15.—Things look more warlike now than ever in Clay county. Since the troops have left the feudists have the county to themselves, and will no doubt battle it out at the first move on either side.

A new faction is coming into the feud now—the Pilpots. They will help out the Bakers. The Bakers are without a leader, and John Pilpot, the witness who testified that he was "feelin' for the Bakers," will lead their forces. The Pilpots are the strongest and most feared faction in this section. They number 200 fighters. They are preparing for war.

They have had three dozen Winchester shipped into the county. The guns arrived Tuesday. Bob Baker, aged 21, cousin to Tom Baker, came to London Wednesday morning, saying he expects to live here, where his life is not in danger. He says he knows who killed Tom Baker.

I happened to be looking at the window where the shot was fired. About a minute before the shot I saw a man and know who he was. I saw him shoot and run. I'm afraid to tell now, but when we get all prepared I'll tell who he is and drop him myself.

"They tried to kill me in Manchester the first night I went there. A newspaper correspondent was talking to me and I was standing behind his chair. I heard something behind me just across the fence in the garden and saw Tom Watt, a colored man, pointing a pistol at me.

"I sat down in a window so he couldn't get at me. Daugh White was making signs to him. I got my brothers together and we went right then to Col. Williams and asked him for protection."

JUDGMENT REVERSED.

The Foreign Insurance Companies Won Their Case Before the Kentucky Court of Appeals.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 16.—About 80 foreign insurance companies, recently indicted and fined heavily in the Franklin circuit court on the charge of conspiring together to fix insurance rates won in the court of appeals Thursday in a decision reversing the judgment of the court below. The fines assessed against the companies in this county alone aggregated over \$90,000, and, in addition to this, indictments have been found against them in nearly half of the counties in the state. The opinion of the court was unanimous except Judge Guffy. The companies affected are all those under the jurisdiction of the Kentucky and Tennessee board of insurance underwriters. Insurance men say that had the judgment of the lower court been affirmed all foreign insurance companies would have withdrawn from the Kentucky field.

Powerless to Punish Law-Breakers.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 17.—The report of State Inspector Lester, who was sent by the governor to Knott county, shows that a lawless element has been overrunning the county. A band of 300 regulators have terrorized the law-abiding people. Forty of them are under indictment, but can not be convicted because the band is feared. The inspector recommends legislative action providing for the circuit judge to secure jurors from distant counties to try these cases.

The Survey Commenced.

LANCASTER, Ky., June 16.—Citizens of this county are enthusiastic over the fact that a corps of engineers began at Burgin Wednesday and will make a general survey of the proposed Southern railroad extension from Burgin to Middlesboro, touching this point.

The Lee-Taylor War.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., June 16.—The Lee-Taylor war is still raging in Harlan county. There has been no more murders but every one goes armed. The feudists keep their actions concealed and have warned newspaper men to keep away.

Accidentally Killed.

OWENSBORO, Ky., June 17.—Roscoe Nantz, son of Curtis Nantz, of this county, while playing near his home, pulled a lumber pile over upon himself and was killed.

Tobacco House Burned.

HENDERSON, Ky., June 17.—Thomas Hodge's tobacco house at Nebo, Hopkins county, burned at noon. Loss, \$45,000; insurance, \$35,000.

The Troops Leave for Harboursville.

MANCHESTER, Ky., June 15.—Col. Williams and his troops left for Harboursville, having in custody Al, Dee, Wiley and Jim Baker, who will be jailed at Harboursville. The body of Tom Baker was taken to the old family burying ground at Crane Creek for interment.

A Large Calf.

OWENTON, Ky., June 14.—J. W. Mafford has a calf one day old that weighs 200 pounds, is five feet eight inches in length, and two feet eight inches high, the largest ever known in this country.

BRADLEY MEANS BUSINESS.

The Governor Is Determined to Restore Peace in Clay County Regardless of Cost.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 17.—Gov. Bradley has not the power to declare martial law in the county of Clay, where a reign of terror exists as the result of the assassination of Tom Baker last Saturday, but he intends to restore order there, regardless of cost. The governor received a letter Friday afternoon from Circuit Judge Eversole denying that he had, as reported, adjourned court at Manchester because of the fear of personal violence. The judge says that court was adjourned because he realized that justice could not be meted out with affairs in such chaotic condition. He says that he will hold a special session in Clay within the next few weeks. The troops will probably be sent back then.

If order can not be restored and those under indictment tried, a special session of the legislature would be the only remedy. Under the present Kentucky law the governor can not even appoint a special judge until the regular judge has refused to sit and the circuit clerk notifies him that the members of the bar have failed to elect. In Clay county the circuit clerk is a member of the White faction, and, if Judge Eversole should decline to sit, he would practically have the selection of his successor. If an extra session were held the county of Clay would either be abolished and divided up among adjoining counties, or the governor would be given power to appoint special judges at will and special grand juries from other counties to go to a lawless county and investigate and find the indictments.

The governor Friday night declared to be false the special dispatch sent out from Lexington Thursday that he was equipping soldiers in Eastern Kentucky to go to Harlan county. The condition there is much better than it is in Clay county.

INDEPENDENT DISTILLERS.

They Are Planning to Build a Mutual Coöperage Works at Louisville—A Barrel Famine.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 16.—Distillers who are independent of the Kentucky Distilleries and Warehouse Co. are planning to build a mutual coöperage works in Louisville. The whisky barrel famine, which started shortly after the bourbon trust was formed continues. The price of barrels is so high that many distillers have limited their production. This they say is due to the fact that the combine contracted for the output of the large coöperage concerns and practically controls the barrel market in Kentucky and elsewhere.

A Mob After Him.

MIDDLESBORO, Ky., June 16.—At Rock House, Letcher county, John Moore and Chris Craft engaged in a quarrel in the presence of William Maggard. Maggard took sides with Moore, when Craft pulled a pistol and shot Maggard to death. Craft escaped, but was followed by a furious mob, and if caught will probably be lynched, as excitement is high.

Conecker Found Guilty.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 17.—In the United States court Thursday Thomas J. Rudder, of Owen county, was convicted of counterfeiting and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Rudder is said to be a member of an organized gang in Owen county.

Murder Sentence Affirmed.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 16.—The 14-year sentence of Alex. Pence, of Madison county, was affirmed Wednesday by the court of appeals. He killed James Smith, whom he thought was too intimate with his wife, who was 16 years old. Pence being 60.

Kentucky Baptists.

MT. STERLING, Ky., June 16.—The annual meeting of the General Association of Kentucky Baptists began here Thursday. The Baptist churches are entitled to a representation of 2,100 delegates.

Damage Verdict Affirmed.

FRANKFORT, Ky., June 15.—The court of appeals Tuesday affirmed a judgment against the L. & N. Railroad Co., which gives \$12,000 damages to Miss Christine McEwan, of Frankfort.

W. J. Starnart Won.

RICHMOND, Ky., June 15.—W. J. Starnart of Versailles won the junior oratorical contest at Central university Tuesday night. Subject, "States and Statesmen."

Purchased a Distillery.

PARIS, June 15.—H. D. Haynes, former manager of the Paris Distilling Co., and John H. Trimble, of Paris, have purchased the Buffalo Springs distillery at Stamping Ground, Scott county.

Babe Drowned in a Tub of Water.

VERSAILES, Ky., June 15.—The two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Poe Tuesday fell in a tub of water and drowned. Last March another babe of the same family died from poisoning.

REVIEW LESSON.

End of the Study in the New Testament—International Sunday School Lesson for June 25, 1909.

[Specially Adapted from Peloubet's Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1:15.

GENERAL REVIEW.

"I knew a man who went a thousand miles and back, and supported himself at great expense, to be with Agassiz a few weeks at his summer school at Penikese. An hour with the great naturalist would have amply repaid the trouble and expense. To even see the master of any department is helpful.

"Christ is the master in the department of spiritual life. We have had six months' study with Him and of Him. Happily we do not have to go to Judea. He says: 'I will come to you and make my abode with you,' and 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,' either as to time or space.

"It is not fish we experiment on, as did Agassiz, but souls, ourselves. So there can be no more interesting study."—Bishop H. W. Warren, in S. S. Times.

REVIEW BY CHAPTERS.

In our last quarterly review we studied the first ten chapters of John by chapters, giving a suggestive title to each. It will be well to review those titles first, and then take up the remaining chapters as given here. The first diagram contains the titles as given in the lessons we have been studying. The second leaves the spaces for such titles as the teacher and scholars may agree upon.

One needs to note not only the titles of the chapters, but the progress of the development of the mission of Christ. John does not attempt to write a biography of Christ, but brings to our view certain salient points, milestones of progress, essential features to the presentation of the work of Christ, taking for granted that we know the life of Christ as recorded in the other Gospels.

Drill on the whole book by chapters, as given in the two reviews. After the class reviews, the outline of the book may be put on the blackboard, and the proper titles called for from the school and written in their places. Then drill the school till every scholar shall have the outline of the Gospel impressed upon his memory.

CLASS REVIEW BY DRAWING SLIPS.

The Sunday School Times suggest the two following methods of review: "Natural curiosity as to what is 'coming next' may be taken advantage of in arousing and holding the interest.

"A teacher in the Woodland Presbyterian Sunday school of Philadelphia, Miss Fredrica L. Ballard, recognized this in her class of young children. She wrote nearly 50 simple questions, each one on a slip of paper about six inches long and an inch wide. With the class gathered around her in the Sunday school house, she drew the questions one by one in their numbered order and sequence of thought. The first question drawn was answered before drawing another. The scholar who first answered the question correctly, or more correctly than others, kept the slip. So the method proceeded until all the slips were drawn, each scholar making an effort to have the largest number of slips at the end. The teacher was not obliged to answer a single question herself. She says that there was the best of feeling throughout, and that the class was never before so deeply interested in a review exercise."

A BIOGRAPHY.

Once, while I lived in the City of Destruction, which Bunyan describes, there came to me John 14:26, who troubled me greatly because he 16:8-11. At first I 11:10, because I 20:9. Then came voices saying 11:27; 12:35, 46; 17:17. Then I joined the noble band described in Acts 17:11. Here I saw a vision of 14:2 and Rev. 21, and found there not only Rev. 22:1-5, but John 14:27, and 15:11, and 15:12, and 15:15. And my soul longed for these things. Then I said: Where is the path? And a voice answered 14:6; and I said: Who shall guide me? And the voice said 16:13. Then I said: I am not fit to go there. And the voice said 3:3, and 5:5, and 15:3. And I said: What do they do there? And the voice said, 13:14, 15; 14:15; 15:12; 17:18, 21. And I said: Lord, how shall I do these things? And the voice replied 15:4, 7. Then the voice asked me 21:16 (f. c), and I replied 20:28 and 21:16 (m. c.).

Ram's Horn Blasts.

The fairest joys bloom where the bitterest tears have fallen. Even in private we are overheard by God. Carmel faith leads to Carmel victory. It does not change the truth to look at it with colored glasses. The man cannot help being an optimist who is looking to God all the time.

It is the goodness you are looking for in others, that will fill your own life. Instead of loving only those who love us we are to love also the unloving and the unlovable.

To help our fellow-men requires tact and contact.

Every man that will not allow God to regenerate him is becoming degenerate.

The Natty Old Gentleman.

A soldier in Manila, who was ordered to the hospital at Corregidor, was on the beach one morning when he saw a particularly natty old gentleman carrying a cane coming toward him. The stranger was curious about the hospital and about the fighting with the Filipinos. For two hours they talked and the old gentleman concluded by drawing a map on the sand of the bays and inlets about Manila and the position of the fleet. It was only after the parting that the soldier learned that he had been talking with Admiral Dewey.

AN OUTING PARADISE.

Long Island is an undiscovered country to a great number of people. Very few realize that the little line shown on the large map is one hundred and thirty-four miles long and of varying widths up to twenty-five miles. Few realize that it was the first section of the United States settled by colonists from both England and Holland, and that their towns are to-day full of picturesque houses, beautiful avenues of trees, in fact with all the inland beauties and in addition the various attractions of the seashore.

While the South Shore for a portion of its length is almost level, the North Shore is hilly and heavily wooded. Every portion of the island is well suited for man's abiding place. It has in a most marked degree the three great necessities of life and civilization, Good Air, Good Water and Good Roads. The western section (Queens and Nassau Counties) is crossed in every direction by the best of macadam roads; six hundred miles having been built within three years. The eastern end of Suffolk County has excellent roads consisting of macadam, gravel, shell and country roads running through the woods or along the shore. Fishing, hunting, bathing, yachting, cycling and golfing are all indulged in under most perfect conditions.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

Phebe Ann Was Greatly Worried Over the Actions of the Trees and Houses.

She is only a little black pickaninny who lives down in Georgia. She is under a dozen years in age and until a short time ago had passed all of her life on a rural plantation. Trains and their attendant movements were utterly unknown. Indeed, what Phebe Ann knew of anything outside of that plantation would not make the beginning of a primer. She was being educated for a house servant and hence was not permitted to roam to any great extent. She was busy about the big house all day and at night retired to the shack set apart for her family.

Along in the season, for some good reason it became necessary for the family to move into a city. The little negro girl was wanted, for she had much skill in soothing the childish woes of the heir to the estates. So it was decided that she must accompany the expedition. From the time she entered the carriage to ride to the railway station Phebe Ann was in a state of suppressed excitement. She sat beside "Miss Amy," as she called her mistress, and with staring eyes took in all that passed without comment.

When she was taken into the train her wonderment was amusing. She sat gingerly on the cushions, looked out of the window and generally seemed uncertain concerning the possibilities of the future. She was silent until the train commenced to move. Then her fear took shape. She saw the landscape passing rapidly before her and her eyes filled, her lip quivered and she sniffed audibly.

"What's the matter, Phebe Ann?" asked her mistress.

"Oh, Miss Amy," wailed the pickaninny, "whah all dem houses and trees a-goin' at?"

A seat on the floor was the only means possible to quiet the fears of the child.—Chicago Chronicle.

His Practice.

"Say, you knew Deacon Hardway's boy Hen, who went up to the city to study medicine, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I knowed Hen well. What about him?"

"He killed himself day before yesterday."

"You don't say? What was the matter? Couldn't he get no outside practice?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

It should be remembered to the everlasting credit of the men that when a woman becomes famous, no men claim that they were once engaged to her.—Atchison Globe.

Figures may not lie, but estimates are often misleading.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, June 17.
LIVE STOCK.—Cattle, common 4.50 @ 4.59
Select butchers 5.00 @ 5.13
CALVES.—Fair to good light 6.50 @ 7.25
HOGS.—Cane to a heavy 3.00 @ 3.41
M. red packers 3.00 @ 3.65
Light shipppers 3.00 @ 3.80
SHEEP.—Choice 3.25 @ 4.01
LAMBS.—Spring 2.75 @ 3.10
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3.50 @ 3.74
GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red 62 75
No. 3 red 62 75
Corn—No. 2 mixed 26 34
Oats—No. 2 22 25
Rye—No. 2 22 25
PRY.—Prime to Choice 11.00 @ 11.25
PRY.—ION.—Mess Pork 41.50 @ 42.50
Lard 40.00 @ 41.00
BUTTER.—Choice dairy 62 11
Prime to choice creamery 62 21
APPLES.—Choice to fancy 4.00 @ 4.65
POULTRY.—New, per 1/2 bbl. 90 @ 1.00

CHICAGO.
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3.65 @ 3.75
GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red 77 1/2 @ 79 1/2
No. 3 Chicago spring 75 @ 77 1/2
Corn—No. 2 33 3/4
Oats—No. 2 26 3/4
PORK.—Mess 8.10 @ 8.30
LARD.—Steam 4.60 @ 5.00

NEW YORK.
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3.55 @ 4.00
WHEAT—No. 2 red 66 1/2 @ 68 1/2
Corn—No. 2 mixed 26 1/2 @ 27 1/2
Rye—No. 2 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2
OATS—Mixed 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2
PORK—New mess 8.25 @ 8.75
LARD—Western 4.50 @ 5.00

BALTIMORE.
FLOUR.—Family 3.30 @ 3.10
GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red 77 1/2 @ 79 1/2
Southern 79 @ 78 1/2
Corn—Mixed 29 @ 30 1/2
Oats—No. 2 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2
Rye—No. 2 western 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2
CATTLE.—First quality 4.00 @ 4.90
HOGS.—Western 4.00 @ 4.15

INDIANAPOLIS.
GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red 77 1/2 @ 79 1/2
Corn—No. 2 mixed 26 1/2 @ 27 1/2
Oats—No. 2 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2
LOUISVILLE.
FLOUR.—Winter patent 3.75 @ 4.00
GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red 77 1/2 @ 79 1/2
Corn—Mixed 29 @ 30 1/2
Oats—Mixed 22 1/2 @ 23 1/2
PORK—Mess 8.90 @ 9.50
LARD—Steam 4.50 @ 5.00

MISSING THE JUBILEE.

There Was One Woman Who Seemed to Be Ignorant of the Fact That Peace Had Come.

It was in the midst of the peace jubilee and the editor was the busiest individual in town, but the visitor got in on him, and, what was worse, sat down and showed other signs of remaining, none of which the editor encouraged.

"Excuse me," said the visitor of his own volition, "but can't I ask you an important question?"

"What is it?" responded the editor, without looking up from his work, which is always a sign that anybody ought to understand.

"Ain't this a peace jubilee we're having in this town?"

"It certainly is."

"And the peace jubilee is a celebration of peace, ain't it?"

"Exactly."

"And peace means that war is off, don't it?"

"Of course it does."

"And that the olive branch is hanging low, and that everybody is falling on everybody else's neck, and that everybody is glad the war clouds have rolled by, and that good fellowship is now prevailing everywhere, and that every bosom throbs responsive to the gentle coo of the dove, and that everybody is wearing white wings, and that there won't be any more scraps, and that everybody is kissing and making up; it means that, don't it?"

"Exactly," responded the editor, pleased to discover so comprehensive a knowledge from such an unsuspected quarter.

"I thought so," said the visitor, rising. "I'll go back home and tell my wife about it. When I left there an hour ago I don't believe she knew it had happened. Good-morning." And the visitor went out before the editor had time to extend his sympathy.—Washington Star.

The United States a Power for Good.

A distinguished historian writes, while referring to this nation's advent as a colonizing power, that we represent the "century's political conscience," and that our influence for good over European spheres will be immense. This result was just as inevitable as the figure which follows the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The great remedy which is found in every home and drug store throughout the country. It cures indigestion, constipation, overworked kidney and liver, allays nervousness, and tones up the whole system.

Overheard in a Cemetery.

Boyle—I am strongly opposed to cremation. I think it is carrying things entirely too far.

Coyle—How so?

"We would then be compelled not only to earn our living but to urn our dead."—N. Y. World.

A Dainty Summer Bath.

For a refreshing summer bath use soft water. Make a dozen or more cheese cloth bags. Fill them with oat meal, and finely shaved Ivory Soap, add a little powdered orris root, mix well, and tie up securely. One bag in a tub full of warm water will make a delightful, cleansing bath, and render the skin soft and smooth as velvet.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Diagnosing Her Case.

He—If I were rich, darling, would you love me more than you do?

She—I might not love you any more, Henry, but I know I would look forward to our wedding day with a degree of impatience that never seems to possess me at present.—Chicago Evening News.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Powder FREE. Write today to Allen S. Olmsted, Leroy, N. Y., for a sample of Allen's Foot-Powder.

It cures itching, hot, swollen, callous, sore, cracked, and bleeding feet. Cures Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25 cents.

God help me to keep from under the thumb of the man who rigidly observes the letter of the law, but who has no conception of its spirit.—Virginia Etchings.

For stockings and mittens for the children, dye the wool with Putnam Fadeless Dyes, Scarlet, Cardinal or Turkey red. Each time you wash them makes them brighter.

If one friend's advice doesn't suit you, keep on asking your friends until one gives the kind you want.—Atchison Globe.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

Some people demand that the world not only be patient with their foolishness, but that it applaud.—Atchison Globe.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a Constitutional Cure. Price, 75c.

Some smart men are fools for revenue only.—Chicago Daily News.

When a river has a run on its banks it floats a lot of stock.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

WINCHESTER

Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.

"LEADER" loaded with Smokeless powder and "NEW RIVAL" loaded with Black powder. Superior to all other brands for

UNIFORMITY, RELIABILITY AND STRONG SHOOTING QUALITIES.

Winchester Shells are for sale by all dealers. Insist upon having them when you buy and you will get the best.

SAPOLIO

LIKE A GOOD TEMPER, "SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE."



DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA TEETHING POWDERS

Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Makes Teething Easy. TEETHINA Relieves the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Cost Only 25 Cents. Ask Your Druggist for it.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE

Copy for this Department must reach the editor on Saturday preceding date of issue.

Owsley County.

Owsley County is situated in the Southeastern part of Kentucky, among the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains.

The south fork of the Kentucky River flows through the center of the county, giving an opportunity for the transportation of timber, mineral and agricultural products, to other markets in other parts of the county. Farming, mining and logging are the chief occupations of the people.

Tobacco and stock-raising are carried on to some extent with good success, vegetables of many different sort are raised extensively in all parts of the county and stored away in cellars for winter use, there being no ready market for them, except a few which are freighted to neighboring towns, and generally traded for groceries or dry goods.

There has been in the schools of Owsley a slow but substantial improvement for several years as is proven by the interest manifested by all classes of people. This is true in a marked degree of Owsley's teachers, who are as a body, wide awake, intelligent men and women, who utilize every opportunity to better fit themselves for their work.

The people of this and Jackson County have shown their appreciation of two of these teachers by electing them as County Superintendents.

South Fork.

The results of the examination held at Booneville, May 19 and 20, have been announced and the applicants are looking for schools.

The weather is very pleasant for harvesting.

Corn crops that seemed to be so far behind are coming up to time.

Wheat crops are not so good as they were last harvest.

While Mrs. Rebecca J. McPherson was here visiting her sister, her horse died.

Mr. Mark Garrette, who brought a pretty little woman into his home last week, surprised not only his home folks, but a majority of the girls who were looking forward to the day when they would live in the little house on the hill.

Four boys will soon return from Berea, where they have been fulfilling that commandment, "get wisdom, get understanding," and then you may go to church and home with the preacher.

Quite a number of people here are planning to go to the commencement at Berea College the 21st. May they have a joyful visit, as it is the first day of college life for quite a number of them.

Conkling.

There are a few cases of malaria in this section of the country.

Wheat crops are very good this year and are ready for harvest.

The weather is very favorable for farming; with plenty of rain and sunshine.

Owsley is coming to the front with good roads as there has been one surveyed up Doe Creek, which will be completed this fall.

Rev. Mr. Ramey conducted the services at the White Oak schoolhouse Sunday. There was a good turnout of people from different localities and all seemed to have enjoyed the sermon.

Mr. T. J. Flanery started for Berea, the 19th inst. and, after attending the Commencement exercises on the 21, he will return with his two sons and daughter who have attended school there the past year.

Jackson County.

Tyner.

Dr. Robinson started last week for Madison County to visit his friends and relatives who are scattered along the border of the "Blue Grass."

A number of our people are preparing for a pleasant trip to Berea to attend the Commencement of Berea College, which promises to be an event of great interest.

Mr. Isaac H. Bowman and son have been for sometime in the lower end of the county engaged in hauling lumber over Big Hill to the Kentucky Central Railroad.

"Try, try again" is the motto of four boys who are going for the second time to the examination at McKee, others have joined them and there is quite a long list.

Mr. M. J. Anderson, a hustling sewing machine agent has lately been among us, visiting relatives, and talking machines. He is a brother of Rev. Wm. Anderson, the assessor.

Clay County.

Ogie.

Sunday-school has been progressing nicely here.

Elijah Lewis and Miss Lisenboe were married recently.

Crops are promising but farmers are behind with their work on account of the frequent rains.

Wm. Means, one of our merchants, has moved his stand down toward the mouth of Otter Creek.

The trouble at Manchester does not affect this part of the county, except in the way of causing excited gossip.

Ed Frederick was at Manchester serving on the grand jury. He reports that most of the important work of the grand jury was completed before the court was adjourned on account of unexpected trouble.

Wm. Swafford, our postmaster, is still selling goods at the old stand. He has a thousand-shot air-rifle, and must be intending to compete with the gatling-gun.

Ammie.

John Roark, son of Timothy Roark, fell out of a mulberry tree last Monday and broke an arm. He fell about twenty feet and was so badly hurt that he may die.

Mrs. Ella Burton of Crane Creek has been very sick all last winter and spring but is a little better now.

Mr. Frank Spurluck and Miss Sophia McCollum are to be married tomorrow.

The Clay County Feud.

The letters from London and Frankfort about the Clay Co. Feud, which are printed on the third page of this paper, need some correction and explanation, and we add here a brief account of this sad affair.

It was hoped that the Howard-Baker feud in Clay County was ended but the recent term of circuit court at Manchester reopened it. Judge Eversole petitioned Governor Bradley for a militia guard, and a hundred men under Col. Wilson together with a Gatling gun were sent to Manchester Wednesday, June 7. The next day court was convened and the trial of the feud was begun.

Jim, his son, who were taken to Manchester for trial, was begun. They were charged with waylaying the Howard party on Crane Creek April '98 and killing Burch Storrs and Wilson Howard and wounding "Bal" Howard.

Arguments were presented to the court on the motion for a change of venue. Saturday the motion was granted, whereupon court adjourned. Tom Baker was out on bail and left the court-house with the boy Jim to go to his tent in the court-house yard. He reached it and stood just within the flaps of the tent talking to his wife when a bullet struck him killing him instantly. The smoke issuing from a window of Sheriff "Bev" White's house across the road showed that the bullet was fired from there. Investigation revealed a Winchester barrel still warm but the man who had used it had escaped through the window. No arrests have been made up to date.

Judge Eversole has been called away by the illness of his mother but his substitute, Judge Cook, has adjourned court. The case is transferred to Barbourville. Both sides are heavily armed in large numbers and more trouble is feared.

The war in Clay County is a tragedy greatly to be deplored. No one can deprecate it more than do the majority of the people of that county. It is by no means just to charge it as a crime upon the peaceful honest, law-abiding people who happen to live in the region where these deeds are perpetrated. Let us rather join hands with them in bringing about a condition of things which will make such deeds impossible. Let the thoughts of our young people be turned to other subjects than "honor" revenge, revolvers, and passion. Let them become interested in education, industry, music, and religion.

We aim to make the news from surrounding counties a special feature of THE CITIZEN, hoping to fill this page with County correspondence. An unusual amount of College news this week has made it impossible to give as much space to this department as we would like to use, but we expect in the future to devote this page, in great measure, to neighborhood news from outside of Berea.

It is evident to all that the new newspaper is the paper which will be read, and so we want the news from every neighborhood near here.

Pearsons' New Pledge.

Everybody is interested in Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the great friend of education who is doing so much for the young people of this region. He was born in the mountains of Vermont in



Dr. D. K. Pearsons

1820, and became interested in Christian education through acquaintance with Mary Lyon.

When he had by great business sagacity made his fortune he selected a few colleges through which he might help young people to an education.

In the South he selected Berea which he visited in '96, and made his first pledge. "When Berea will raise \$150,000 for endowment, I will add \$50,000. I make this gift to all humanity, and especially to the loyal people of these mountains."

This money has now been raised, and when it brings in interest the College will have some sure income.

He now writes (April '99) that he is so well pleased with what Berea is doing that he will do the same thing again!

In this way Berea will be made able to carry out its great plans for helping all young people toward an education.

He is not willing to help any except those who help themselves. Again and again he says, "Every student must pay something—he must show that he values an education. It does no good to furnish a free lunch."

There will soon be a million young men and young women who will be happier and more useful because of what Dr. Pearsons has done.

Dr. Pearsons always selects for himself the colleges which he will help, and it is useless for others to apply. When the news of what he had done for Berea reached an army of college presidents, they started for Chicago, and said to the President of the Board of Christian Education:

No!

Jackson County Helps.

Congratulations are good, but such letters as this are better. Mr. Truett of Maulden, now in the regular army in Cuba, will be remembered by his many Jackson County friends. We copy from a letter which President Frost received from him last week:

BATTERY "I," 2ND ARTILLERY,
HAVANA, CUBA, June 11, 1899.
Mr. Wm. G. Frost, Berea, Ky.

Dear Friend:

Having heard of your wonderful success in securing the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in accordance with the pledge of Mr. Pearsons of Chicago, and hearing of his making another pledge of fifty thousand on the same terms, I will say that I will promise to pay to Berea the sum of one hundred dollars (\$100) on the same terms as the first pledge.

Pvt ROBERT F. TRUETT.

Seein' Ghosts.

Folks used to tell me scary tales 'Bout seein' ghosts at night, Things that would utter awful wails An' go dressed up in white.

'N' when the creepin' evenin' shade Wuz deepened into black, I've listened 'till those stories made Cold chills run up my back.

Once, when I'd been a doin' wrong 'N' sinnin' with my might, As I wuz whistlin' right along The road for home at night,

I had to pass a holler That was haunted, so folks said, 'N' somethin' seemed to foller Everywhere that I would tread,

I saw a thing before me A lookin' strange 'n' white; An awful fear crep' o'er me 'N' I most died outright!

I wuz so weak 'n' so afraid, I could but wildly stare, 'Till my imagination made A mighty demon there!

It glared so fiercely o'er me! It looked—I know not how— Then calmly out before me Walked a neighbor's old, white cow.

When folks do wrong o' Nick jiss' peeps 'Round rocks, 'n' trees 'n' posts; A guilty conscience allus keeps A feller seein' ghosts.

MARION HAROLD FREDERICK.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE HOME.

Edited by MRS. KATE E. FITZMAN, Teacher in Berea College.

The Spice of Life.

An old army song begins "Beans for breakfast Beans for dinner Beans for supper Beans, beans, beans."

After such a diet three times a day and three hundred and sixty five days in the year, the appetite fails.

Variety in cooking renders palatable the most common food. Did you ever stop to think that there are over twenty different ways in which potatoes may be prepared and be appetizing?

Eggs are eggs so long as they are boiled and fried, but a perfect omelet may be called an egg-dream. Dreams however are good and bad. The secret of a perfect omelet is to never use more than six for each omelet.

Separate the egg and beat briskly with a fork or wire spoon, never with an egg beater. The yolks should be beaten until foamy. Then add one tablespoonful of milk for each egg. Beat the whites until they will stand alone. Fold the whites into the yellow adding salt to taste, pour into a skillet in which a tablespoon of butter is melted but not brown. Cook until the bottom is browned, which can be ascertained by lifting the edge with a cake-turner. Turn one half of the omelet over the other half. Serve upon a hot platter at once.

Useful Hints.

1. Melted butter will not make good cake.

2. A pinch of salt added to the whites of eggs will expedite the beating.

3. Nutmegs should be grated at the blossom end first.

4. The juice of an onion can be extracted by cutting the onion across the grain and grating it. This gives a much more delicate flavor to soups and salads than the chopped onion.

5. The disagreeable odor of boiling cabbage or onions can be avoided by boiling a small quantity of vinegar in a cup.

6. Cutting warm bread or cake makes it bad. If it must be cut, heat knife thoroughly before cutting.

7. A spoonful of vinegar added to water in which tough meat or fowls are boiled makes them tender.

8. Economy is the road to wealth.

9. Good management is better than a large income.

Here are a few health rules. They are credited to a celebrated French physician who says that by observing them a person may be perfectly strong, healthy, and beautiful, and will live to a great age. This may be an exaggeration, but they will not harm anyone who follows them.

"Don't drink tea or coffee.

"Drink pure water.

"Eat plenty of fruit."

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by MRS. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

When people go into partnership it is important that each should know his own work and understand his own responsibility.

It is now near the time when all over our hills and valleys work is to begin in the school-houses. Parents and teachers are partners in this business aiming to make good men and women by a process called education. Now if this work is to succeed, parents must do some definite things.

First. See that the schools begin earlier in the season. Beginning late in June or early in July gives a chance to have five months of school before the weather gets so bad and the waters so high that more than half of the children are forced to stay at home.

Second. See that your children are there on time the first day and every day of the term. Let nothing but serious sickness keep them out of school while their class-mates go on learning things that they must do without unless the teacher takes extra time to help them.

The teachers are seeing more clearly every year that they must have special training for their great work, that they must read new books and papers and all the while think about the best ways to teach your children.

Of course the teacher's first duty when school opens is to put each pupil into the classes where he can get the most good. The State Course of study for ungraded schools will be a great help as a guide. But one must know each child and what he can do, and that is not always seen at once.

It sometimes happens that the book in which a pupil has been reading is so hard that he cannot possibly understand the words and so cannot possibly learn as he would if the book were suited to him. If the teacher sees some better thing to do than to use that particular book for a while, be sure that he is doing it for the real good of the child and not because he wants to "put him back." A good teacher is just as anxious to have the children get on in their work as any parent can be.

It is true that teachers do not know everything, but they can do more with what they do know if parents encourage them to use their best judgment.

If teachers get acquainted with parents and they all consult and help each other, the work in each district will go on in a way very different from what we see when everybody finds fault with everybody else.

You are all aiming at the same thing and you will rejoice together in your work as you see your boys growing wiser and more manly, your girls more earnest and womanly.

Let your school begin early, watch it, visit it, encourage it, and success to you all.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MARSH, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Better Stock.

How much more is a good animal worth than a poor one?

Well, of course that depends. There are many kinds of animals raised on the farm, and a colt is worth more than a calf and a calf more than a pig or a lamb. But is not a first-class colt or calf worth much more than a scrub, worth more to keep and worth more to sell? There is but one answer to that question and no one will try to argue for the other side.

Most men, when they have a choice between a good article and a poor one at the same price will take the best; but if the price is just a little higher for the better article, though it may be worth ever so much more, how many men do we find who will pay the difference and take the best? Too many will take that which seems the cheapest at the time, though in the long run it is sure to prove the dearest.

Now how does this apply to the farmer who has a calf to raise? The milk that the calf will take, the grass he eats, the fodder and corn it takes to winter him will be about the same for the poor, scrub calf as for the high grade. About the only difference will be in the cost of a sire of good build and first-rate breeding. "The male is half the herd", is an old and well-proved saying among stock breeders, and when expanded a little it means about this; starting with the common stock of cows in any neighborhood, the purchase of a good bull of any standard breed means a crop of half-blood calves for this added expense. Now wait till a trader comes in who is buying up a bunch of steers to drive down into the Blue Grass to feed, and see how much better a price he will pay for those half-breed steers than for the scrubs he finds in the next valley. More than that, if the good beginning is followed up, the half-blood heifers of that crop will soon take the places of the old cows and then a generation of three-quarter bred calves is the result, and now you have something worth looking at.

The farmer with that grade of stock for sale never has to hunt the market. The buyers have such stock looked up and bargained for before it is ready to move, while the owner of the poor stock is hunting a buyer to take his animals at his own price. What is true of horned cattle is true of horses. I know of a county in a western state where a few years ago the horses were nearly all small in size and often of poor quality. A few wide awake men saw that there must be a great demand for heavy draft horses for the city markets and began to import Percheron and Clydesdale stallions. As soon as it became known that handsome young draft horses were being raised in that county, buyers flocked in and took them out by car-loads and thousands of dollars of wealth were added to the farmers' bank accounts.

(Continued next week.)



LADIES' HALL CHAPEL LINCOLN HALL

A VIEW ACROSS OUR CAMPUS—BEREA HAS 14 BUILDINGS.

BEREA COLLEGE FOUNDED 1855

Over 20 teachers, 700 students (from 20 states), 16,000 books in the Library.

DEPARTMENTS.

For those NOT sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate:

I. Trade Schools: Carpentry, Housework, Printing—two years.

II. Model Schools, preparing for Normal and the advanced courses.

For those sufficiently advanced to get a teacher's certificate:

III. Farming and Agriculture—two years.

IV. Domestic Science—Sewing, Cooking, etc.—two years.

V. Normal Course for teachers—three years, with practice teaching.

VI. Academy Course—four years, fitting for College, for business and for life.

For those more advanced:

VII. College Courses—Classical, Philosophical, and Literary.

Adjunct Departments:

VIII. Music—Read Organ, Choral (free), Vocal, Piano, Theory.

IX. Berea General Hospital—Two years' course in the care of the sick.

Berea places the best education in reach of all. It is not a money-making institution. Its instruction is a free gift. It aims to help those who value education and will help themselves, and charges a small incidental fee to meet expenses of the school apart from instruction. Students must also pay for their Board. Expenses for term (12 weeks) may be brought within \$24, about half of which must be paid in advance.

The school is endorsed by Baptists, Congregationalists, Disciples, Methodists, Presbyterians, and good people of all denominations. There are no saloons in Berea. For information or friendly advice address the Vice-President, GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, LL. D., Berea, Ky.

FALL TERM OPENS SEP. 13.—WINTER TERM DEC. 13, 1899